

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH
GENERAL

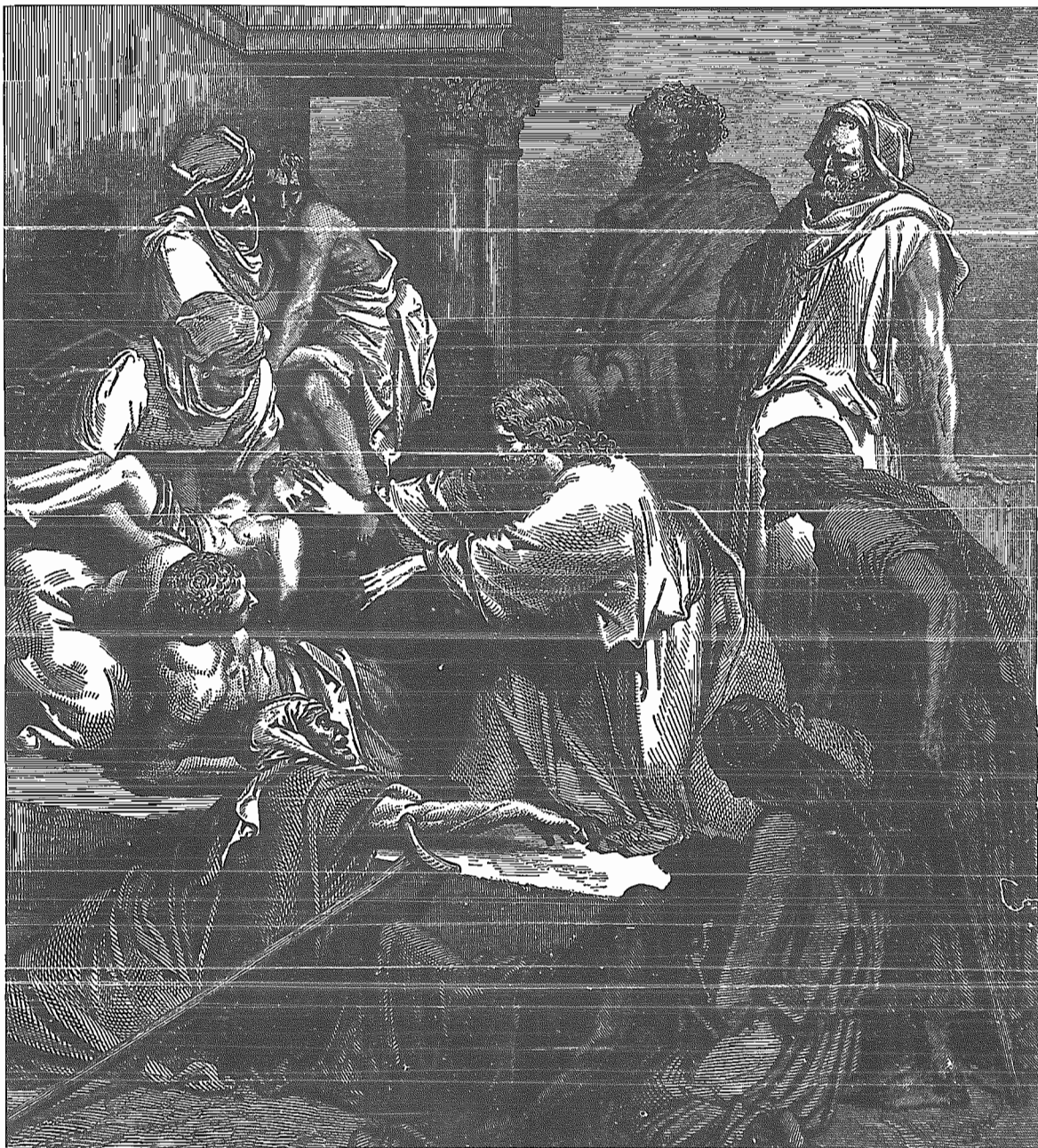
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



The Christ of the compassionate touch; has He laid His hand on YOUR sin-scarred soul?

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Matthew 7: 1-12. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Not long ago an Officer expressed surprise at the great kindness shown to her in a time of difficulty. She forgot that for years she had been helping others regardless of self. Now they were thankful for an opportunity to repay her. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is true of good as well as of evil deeds.

Monday, Matthew 7: 13-20. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Lip profession is often easy, especially to some natures, but action is the real test of character.

"Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, brave, and true. Moment by moment, the long day through."

"Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro, Down lowliest ways, if God wills so."

Tuesday, Matthew 7: 21-29. "I never knew you." These people had preached and worked for God with great zeal, and all the outward signs of success. Yet Jesus said of them, "I never knew you." They had never sought to know Him as a personal Saviour from sin. As "workers of iniquity" therefore, they were refused entrance into the Home prepared for those who have "washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

Wednesday, Matthew 8: 1-13. "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." God works wonders for those who will honor Him by asking and expecting great things from Him.

"Make thy petition deep, O heart of mine, Thy God can do much more, Than thou canst ask; launch out on the Divine;

Draw from His love-filled store, Trust Him with everything; begin today: And find the joy that comes when Jesus has His way."

Thursday, Matthew 8: 14-22. "Master I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." To those around, this Scribe would seem a very whole-hearted candidate for discipleship. But Jesus read his heart, and knew that his offer was made in ignorance of all it involved. When the Saviour made clear His own poverty and homelessness, this would-be disciple apparently altered his mind, for we hear no more of him. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God."

Friday, Matthew 8: 23-34. "They besought Him that He would depart." The Saviour never forces Himself on any soul—we have the power of free will, and can accept or reject Him. We never hear that He went back to this city, for those people probably sent Him away forever. Does He seek entrance to your heart?

"Then, be wise, and in time seek His favor, And just now while He knocks, let Him in."

Saturday, Matthew 9: 1-8. "Wherefore think ye evil?" Are you ever troubled with evil thoughts—thoughts which shame and hurt you, and yet come into your mind unbidden, sent from the Evil One? Lay the matter definitely before the Lord in prayer, and claim deliverance. Then when temptation assails, remind the Saviour of your need, and trust His power to keep you from falling. He will not fail you.

Keep a Good Mental Digestion

To read with profit one must actually learn something from all that he reads. There must be some fact or idea that he retains in his memory; otherwise he will be no wiser than he was before. That was the Army Founder's advice to his Soldiers.

To profit by what he reads, he must think about it afterwards. What eating is to the body, reading is to the mind. Thinking about what is read is like digestion. It is not what a man eats that does him good, but what he properly digests. Rightly digested food turns into blood and flesh and bones, and is there for after service.

Just so, it is not what a person hears or reads that benefits him, but what he thinks about, and so understands and remembers that it becomes, so to speak, a part of himself. He should cultivate the habit of thinking when at work, while walking about, or whenever he has the opportunity.

In The Hands of the Potter

The Strange Personal Experience of a Comrade Whose Life Has Been Broken "On the Wheel"

From the British "War Cry"

SIX years ago a darling sixteen-year-old Band-lad son was killed by a heavy fall of roof while working with me in the mine, the shock being so great as to completely prostrate me for the time being. The blow started a condition of wasting that, persistently defying all treatment of doctors, has gradually become worse and worse, until now I am both bed-fast and deformed. Having always been a strong man, with no hereditary disease, and being but fifty years old, I wondered why I did not get better. Nearly all this time I was praying earnestly for relief. Eventually I lost all hold on God.

The two accompanying sets of verses (these are printed on this page "Departure," showing our Comrade's terrible doubts, and "Return," his recovery of faith), written at the time, will convey

Departure

Ah! I'm feeling sad to-night,
Within my heart seems dead;
I cannot see one ray of light,
My old-time faith has fled.

"I'll never leave thee, nor forsake thee!"—
These words to me were pressed;
For when a grief did me o'ertake
They failed to soothe my breast.

I fled unto my knees in prayer
With faith scarce weakened yet,
And asked of Him who'd said He'd hear
How I could best forget.

(For years, now, at mother's knee,
I learned to lip His name,
And said that I'd His soldier be
And serve Him without shame.)

So now I said, "I will be strong,
He'll help me bear the Cross,
And if we seek we're sure to find—
More poignant grew our loss.

Our God we're told is wondrous kind,
So wise that He knows all,
And if we seek we're sure to find—
He marks the sparrow's fall.

Then where is He when my sad heart
Beseeching, calls His name,
And asks the reason of the smart—
If my heart is to blame?

No faintest whisper does He send
To dry my weeping eyes,
And reason tells me in the end
The Bible's mostly lies!

And if I've written wrong in this,
Believe, it gives me pain,
Will some one lead me back to bliss,
To old-time faith again?

some idea of my spiritual condition. But, thank God, unfaith did not—could not—last long, and early one morning, at two-thirty, precisely, for no known reason, I awakened as fresh and free from pain as I ever remember. Reaching for the Bible near at hand I opened it directly at 2 Corinthians, chapter 1. It was strange, I reflected afterwards, that my eyes went straight to the sixth verse, and when I had read on to the eleventh, further interest departed.

Over and over again I read those verses with increasing conviction that the incident was purposely planned for my instruction.

A New Prayer Campaign

Thereafter I started a new prayer campaign, exhorting my friends to assist with their petitions on my behalf, faith being very strong. There was, however, no improvement. Rather was it the reverse, and a month later, while speaking with my wife in the flower-garden, she much discouraged me by saying "That is another case of conscience."

Straightway returning to the house, a fearful battle going on in my soul (I had become exhausted through the wrestling), I opened the Bible, not expecting anything, when, just as before, without any turning of pages, my eyes lighted on these words: "God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent; hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless, and He hath blessed; and I cannot renege it" (Numbers xxii. 19, 20).

I especially need to emphasize the fact

that my eyes were directed straight and at once to the words given. There was no turning of pages, no beginning the chapter, not even an expectancy in my heart. How I rejoiced! Did not this pulverize the coincidence suggestion? Songs of praise thereafter prevailed with a deeper realization of God's interest in me. All my friends were told the story and urged to further supplication.

Another month passed and still my body grew worse. This brought the doubting Devil once more athwart my spiritual horizon.

One morning, in answer to my anxious question, "I wonder will the dear Lord raise me up again?" my dear wife said, perhaps unwisely, "It doesn't seem like it!" I countered with, "But consider the promises, and the nature of deliverance." Impatiently arising, she exclaimed, "Then why does He not do it?" and instantly left the room. Less than a minute afterwards, while in a kind of puzzled reverie, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I opened the near-at-hand Bible and there, exactly as before, instantly my eyes alighted on "After many days thou shalt be visited" (Ezekiel xxxviii. 8). It was as though I was forbidden to read further. I will leave you to imagine the effect this had on my mind, only adding that there was a battle royal between faith and doubt. But faith won in the end.

A Regular Visitor

A faithful old Comrade, Brother R., with whom I had tramped many a happy mile on the business of winning souls, was a regular visitor once or twice a week. He was fully aware of my experiences and thoroughly believed the messages were of God. One evening we discussed the way God would take for my relief. Would it be sudden or gradual? After he had left I remembered I had a week-old copy of "The Bandsman and Songster" upon me, unread. That, in itself, was remarkable, as anything referring to "banding" was always the first to be taken up, but this time I had carried it in my pocket, unopened, for a whole week. So, with my mind busy with anticipation born of our conversation, I opened "The Bandsman and Songster" haphazard and, as before, straight and direct, before my eyes were the words:

Ask not, my soul, from whence
Shall God relieve thy care,
Remember that Omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere.

His methods are sublime;
His heart supremely kind;
He never is before His time,
He never is behind.

Return

O God, I've sinned against Thy law,
Denied Thy pleasant words of love,
Refused what others plainly saw,
And willfully inclined to rove!

But now I would not hide away
My sin, because of reckless fear;
To sobriety I point and say,
"There's One will my transgression bear!"

The cumbrous rock in yonder mine
Were more obedient than I;
At Thy behest it took from Time
Our son, he died with scarce a cry.

He's safe at Home, his kindred met,
What conversation has been there!
And when I'm still, I hear him yet,
"Dear man, dear dad, God hears
your prayers."

In retrospect my path is marked
With stumblings oft and wilful wrong;
Thou'lt spare him thus, he's safe embarked
On Love's Great Sea, with Love his song.

Then help me say, "Thy will be done"
And "We will trust in Christ alone."
Through Him we'll yet embrace our son,
When safe across Death's raging foam.

The Best Life Assurance

"Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."—Deut. xviii. 66.

You shall have no Life Assurance unless you—

1. Keep the moral laws of God as outlined in the Book of Deuteronomy. Deut. xviii. 58.)

2. Keep the conditions of the Policy—the plan of Salvation.

3. Have faith in the Head of the great Assurance Scheme.

4. Pay the premiums—Love and Service to God and man—continually through life, until the assurance is paid in the presence of the angels and the risen host on the Last Great Day.

Had to Take it All

One stormy Sunday, the famous preacher, Edward Payson, had a congregation made up of only one man. The doctor went through his sermon as earnestly as if hundreds were listening, and some months afterward, the man told him that the sermon had converted him. "Whenever, sir," he said, "you talked hard about sin and the sinner, I looked around to see who was being hit, and there was none there, but myself, so I had to take it all." Many a sermon would bear fruit in our lives if we would only apply it to ourselves.

Giving

Some witty person once said: "There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge, and the honeycomb."

To get anything out of a flint you must hammer it, and then you can get only chips and sparks.

To get water out of a sponge you must squeeze it, and the more you squeeze it, the more you will get.

To get the honeycomb just overflows with its own sweetness.

Some people are stingy and hard. They give nothing away if they can help it.

Others are good-natured. They yield to pressure, and the more they are pressed, the more they will give.

A few delight in giving, without being asked at all; and of these the Bible says: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

The Scars of Sin

If you cut a gash in a man's head you may heal it, but you can never rub it, nor wash out, nor cut out the scar. It may be a witness against you in the man's corpse. Still, it may be covered by the coffin or hidden in the grave, and then by decomposition it entirely disappears. But if you smite a soul the scar remains; no coffin or grave can ever hide it; no revolution, not even the upturning of the physical universe, will ever obliterate it; not even the eternal flames of Hell will burn it out!

I am not ashamed to say that I laughed joyfully then, realizing there was a great, big, loving Somebody surely watching. Nevertheless, for a long while I could not keep at bay an insistent "Why?" born of the disappointment: the raising of me up only to crash me down again, as though Satan was in the ascendant, usurping God's power, only to deceive.

Then a broken fragment of paper was brought, on which were these words: "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise" (Hebrews x. 36).

But the end is not yet. Today I am far worse than ever. Last evening, in fact, I thought, the end had come, but I think of Job, of David, and others. And I read that God commanded Satan, "Thou shalt not touch his life!" referring to poor, old, sorely-smitten Job. Then I again cry for comfort, reminding Him, in tearful accents, that: "I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth; I am tossed up and down as the locust; my knees are weak through fasting, and my flesh faileth of fatness; I became also a reproach unto them—when they looked upon me they shook their heads. Help me, O Lord, my God; Oh save me according to Thy mercy. That they may know that this is Thy hand; that Thou, O Lord, hast done it."

MY CORRESPONDENCE

The GENERAL Permits Glimpses of an Important Section of his Crowded Life

IT WAS a Saturday afternoon. The almost silent city seemed to call a "Cease work!" and to invite to a more restful attitude, but I found the General still located at the "heart" of I.H.O. and pre-occupied with weighty Continental affairs of the Army. Important Officers, with grave faces, were passing to and fro that central group of offices, and it was very evident the General was working at high pressure. But time, tide, and (these days) the Press wait not!

High pressure it was—but this did not prevent a smiling, if perplexed, welcome to the "War Cry." On his part, the interviewer felt it to be a case of "getting on" or "getting out"—so he promptly advanced the proposition:

"This week, General, I want to ask you to allow us to dip into your correspondence!"

"Well, yes—that might be interesting to some of the readers, and it would perhaps save me a little trouble by collectively showing my acknowledgement and appreciation."

"Yours is a heavy correspondence, sir?"

An Irate Subscriber
"It is—and of course if we were not organized here in a somewhat efficient fashion it would be impossible to deal with it in anything like its proper order. I am afraid that sometimes even now letters which ought to be replied to are overlooked. I shall never forget" (this with an expansive smile) "the effect produced upon me and my immediate Secretary by an irate subscriber who, having sent us half a crown for the poor fund, wrote three or four days afterwards:

"Why, in thunder, don't you answer my letter with the enclosure I sent you? Let me hear from you by return, or I will communicate with my solicitors."

"But, on the whole, I am pleased to feel that correspondence addressed to me, to Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and the Commissioners, is promptly and effectively dealt with. Now let us get on!" And, reaching for one of the files before him, the General continued:

"Here you are! I take them at random. Of course, I can give you extracts only, some perhaps a little out of date, but all breathing the spirit and purpose of our War. This is from Peking—and the kind of thing that does me good. Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie writes:

"China in grip of monster"—indeed, many more! All admit this. Diplomats, Legation officers, military officers, old official hands from overseas countries, completely puzzled. Readily state China never in such a deplorable condition, or so hard to understand. Many warring factions—no definite consecutive scheme to unify country.

S. A. Meetings. We are seeking to keep these going. H.Q. program for week—Thursday night, Y.P. Demonstration, Central Hall—850 present. Friday night, English-speaking Holiness Meeting, attended by English-speaking Officers and outsiders. Sunday, Central Corps, outdoor and indoor Meetings; four men and one little girl at the Penitent-Form.

Tuesday night, two Open-Airs, many Salvationists, crowds of people. Indoor Meeting not planned but held one because of crowd; 260 inside. Thursday afternoon, Meeting, Girls' Home, eighty-three girls and Officers present. Evening, Open-Air at Outpost, south of city, desperately hot; compound (inside square of buildings) packed with people to utmost capacity, sitting and standing. Outpost opened within last six months; forty-five to fifty Converts; a number of fine characters. After public Meeting, Commissioner held Converts' Meeting; gave information on the Doctrines of Salvation."

"Writing from the centre of sunny California, Lieut.-Colonel Crawford (Field Secretary, Western U.S.A.) says:

"My dear General—It was such a wonderfully beautiful June morning as I came to the office today, and my thoughts were turned to the goodness and mercy of God in His consideration of us, surrounding us with so many blessings. . .



The General seated at work in his office at International Headquarters.

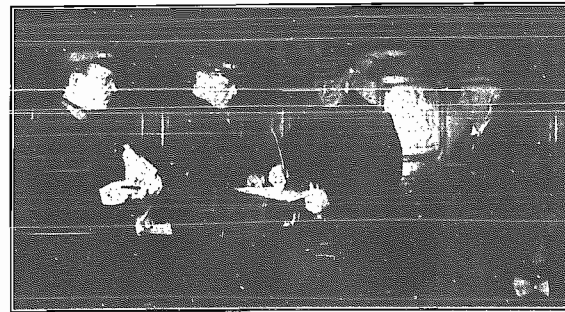
The Officers and Soldiers in this field have a rare opportunity of presenting Christ to men and women, not only by witnessing for Him with words, but by their lives. We are doing something—in view of our numbers and resources, perhaps much; but with the wide field and the great need it seems very little after all! "Commissioner Simpson brought me home from South America a pretty little note of greeting from Officers' children at Buenos Ayres. They say:

"Dear General,—As a group of "Children of the Regiment" in the Argentine, we have been asked by Lieut.-Commissioner Turner to write to you, to represent a Meeting for Officers' Children led by our international visitors, Commissioner and Brigadier Simpson.

The Brigadier passed on to us words spoken to him by our honored Founder: "You must do well. There is no excuse for failure!" These words sank deep into our hearts, and we can assure you, dear General, we will do well, and we, the Officers' children, will do all we can to extend The Army here in the Argentine Republic.

We send you our warmest love, and remain, dear General,

Your affectionate young Soldiers,
RAUOEL A. NUESCH.
ISABEL J. FERNAUD.
WINIFRED E. COLES."



The General signing a communication as he is about to board a train.

mind, I got him to commit himself in writing, and he has fulfilled his promise. This shows us, dear General, the way people can be educated up to big amounts! This same collector relates the following:

"I was talking to one of the Collectors, and he remarked to me that one winter's night a little band of Salvationists was engaged earnestly in Open-Air work. The street was wet and the night was cold. A lady passing by was greatly impressed with the devotion of the Salvationists, and when she went home and reflected upon what she had seen, she wrote a cheque for £500 to help the Open-Air work of the Army."

"I am sure that the work of the Army appeals to all denominations. One day I was speaking to a Roman Catholic, and he said, "Brigadier, I like you; I appreciate your cause, and if ever people will get into Heaven it will be the Salvation Army folk. I do not care what the Pope says, I will give £5 now and £10 in August!"

"Speaking of our Army Collectors, reminds me of the many encouraging messages and generous-spirited gifts which reach me through the Subscribers' Department here. For example, here is a note from a retired Sea Captain:

A Practical Interpretation

"Thank you so much for sending me your pamphlet, "Glimpses Eastward," which I have read with great interest. I had the pleasure of bringing your dear father home from South Africa many years ago. . . I have his photograph, which he signed and gave me. I have much pleasure in sending you a small cheque in aid of your great work."

"Here is a practical interpretation of 'Others!'

"I enclose cheque towards that section of your War affecting the poor of London. This sum represents an effort—of thanksgiving on my part."

"This too, from an old-age pensioner: "I am sending a donation for the summer appeal of the good old Army. It is from one who is the oldest Soldier of the — Corps, and of forty-five years' standing."

"The next letter that comes to my hand relates to the foundation of a Legal Association in Hungary for the holding of our property there—buildings and other possessions. This involves a very serious review of the Hungarian Law, and the study of what has been done before by Associations which generally work directly under the State. This is a question on which I shall need the assistance not only of our Overseas Department Officers, but of our solicitors.

"From Trinidad there reaches me an interesting news-letter, some parts of which I summarize. It is Brigadier Walker (General Secretary, West Indies, Eastern) who writes:

"Fire at Castries, according to information, serious, and business section of town destroyed. Our Hall, including benches and Officers' personal belongings, burnt; great hardships experienced by Comrades. Staff-Captain Matchett instructed to proceed, render help."

"A condemned man at Georgetown, British Guiana, sentenced to death for murder of wife, requested that Staff-Captain Tiner would visit and pray with him daily whilst awaiting execution. This man accepted Salvation, and found much comfort in the words of the Staff-Captain, who was with him to the last moment."

Self-Denial Corps totals (with one or two exceptions) above last year's. Results from the Islands of:

	1926	1927
Trinidad	£170	£250
Barbados	230	260
Leeward Island	114	147
British Guiana	348	356
East Indian	275	251

£1,137 £1,261

H. L. TAYLOR, Lieut.-Col.

THAT is what the Agent-General, (Mr. Pauline) for British Columbia called the party of 105 boys to whom he addressed the following words at Regent Hall, London, on a recent Thursday.

"Commissioner Lamb, visitors of the Salvation Army, Boys, Ladies and Gentlemen; I am very glad of the opportunity given me by General Booth to be with you tonight. I appreciate it perhaps more than some men would do, because I can look back to the time when I was young as you are and left England for Canada. I did not have the advantage of going under the auspices of the great Salvation Army. I went alone to Canada."

"My home in Canada is in the Province of British Columbia, some 2,500 miles from Ontario where you boys are going. I mention that fact to give you some idea of the extent of the Dominion of Canada. Do not doubt for one moment but that there is room for you and for thousands of parties like this one. You are starting under happy auspices the greatest adventure of your lives, and you are lucky boys to be going out to the great Dominion where you will have ample opportunity to make good citizens of yourselves."

Character the Greatest Asset

"You have a responsibility to your motherland; you have a responsibility to the Salvation Army which has found the ways and means for your going out to that wonderful country. You will have opportunities there which possibly and probably you would never have in the Old Country. Sir Robert Horne mentioned that the greatest asset you could have is character, and in order to show you how character will carry a boy forward, and the opportunities which lie before each one of you, I want to tell you that the Premier of British Columbia was a boy in a coal mine in Derbyshire at the age of nine, driving a donkey there, and at the present time, at the age of seventy, he has been for twelve years the Premier of the Province of British Columbia. Our Minister of Agriculture was a poor farmer's boy down in Hampshire. He went to Canada when he was 11 years of age, and for the last twelve years he has been Minister of Agriculture in the Province of British Columbia. The great Chief of the C.P.R. in London was a colleague of mine. We were young men together in British Columbia, and you see the position that he occupies today. It is quite true he is a Scotchman, and out in my province, they have a wonderful way of getting to the top, which they tell me is not altogether unusual on this side of the Atlantic too. Sir George MacLaren Brown could not come, but he sent a representative here in Major Haywood who was also a colleague of mine for some years in the legislature of B.C. I think he had more money than I did when I went to Canada, but he made good, and is today a highly respected man in British Columbia."

"And then may I be pardoned for speaking of myself. When I arrived in Canada, I had very little money in my pocket; indeed, I would be almost ashamed to tell you how little; but in course of time I made good and entered the legislature and I sat there for one district for eight years. When I left the House I had been for some time Speaker of the Legislature. Boys who have not made good do not become speakers of Parliament. Then at last they sent me back to my Motherland, and they said: 'You know all about British Columbia; you have been there 42 years; it is time you went back to represent the Province in London,' and here I am."

Who Knows?

"I tell you these things, boys, because, who knows? There may be quite a few among you who will attain high positions in Canada, but whether you do or not, you are going to a very rich province, one of the most beautiful in Canada, and the opportunity will be yours to make good. 'Play the game.' You all know what that means. Do the right thing. Give good value for the money that is paid you. Live a clean life. Become good citizens of Canada, and you will have no regrets, but you will always thank the great Salvation Army for having given you the chance."

"God bless you. You will make good, and in years to come you will bless the Army which enabled you to come to our great Dominion."

"'Lucky, indeed!' was re-echoed by

"LUCKY BOYS"

The Agent-General for British Columbia and Other Notable Speakers Address Large Party of Emigrant Lads Bound for Canada Under the Army's Care

By Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett

many a heart thrilled by the stirring strains of "O Canada" which comes in the "Canada West" march so ably played by the Rink Band in the course of the evening, for the boys in question were leaving for the beautiful Province of Ontario, and this was their Farewell Meeting.

The Sights of London

Commissioner Lamb described the day as a "perfect" one. It had started at sunrise, dinner had been partaken at an early hour, and then the party, accommodated in char-a-bancs, had been taken to see the "Sights of London" finishing at Shaftesbury Avenue as guests to tea of Sir Robert Horne, P.C., G.B.E., M.P., Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then had come the Meeting at the Regent Hall, after which the Band had marched the contingent through the crowds in Oxford Street, Marble Arch and Edgware Road, to Paddington Station where they had

that character was more important than cleverness, and even if it was not possible for them to be clever, it was possible for them all to have a good character. He felt sure that if they would only follow the advice that had been given them on the Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh where they had been receiving three months' instruction and preparation for their work, they would make good, and then they would find that the "goodness and mercy" referred to in the Psalm they had just sung, "would follow them all the days of their life."

Dame Meriel Talbot Speaks

In addition to Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb and Mrs. Colonel Cuthbert, the conductor of the Party, all of whom gave the boys sound advice, Dame Meriel Talbot spoke.

"I came here tonight simply as a guest of Commissioner Lamb," said Dame Talbot. "He asked me to come and see

when that old enemy of ours the devil has been completely conquered, every one of you will make a happy head of a home, with one of our young women attached to you."

"I happen to work inside a Government Department. Even in a Government Department that old enemy the devil is sometimes to be found. But we do our best to fight him and to keep him back. Our great object is to help anyone who wishes to go overseas."

"We are convinced that there is no agency in this country of ours which does anything comparable to the Salvation Army in the way of persistent hard work. We will, none of us, slacken our efforts until we have been able to bring about a better distribution of the people."

Sir George MacLaren Brown who was unavoidably prevented from meeting his guests at supper in the Board Room of the Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, sent the following message:

Message from Sir George MacLaren

"Sir Geo. MacLaren Brown, European General Manager of the Transatlantic Pacific Railway very much regrets that he is unable to be with you this evening, but in his absence he desires me to convey to you lads who are proceeding overseas to take up work and make your way in the New Country—the sincere wishes of himself and his Company that you may meet with the success that you so justly deserve."

"As in by-gone times, it was young lads like you who were the pioneers in Canada, and who laid the foundation stones of that great Dominion to which you are now proceeding, so the Mother Country which you leave behind looks to you to carry on the work."

"In going forward to this land of promise—for land of promise it is—I would give you this advice while always looking forward and going forward remember and always uphold the land of your birth and its great traditions."

"You may find conditions are different in the land to which you are going, but you must adapt yourselves to those conditions and the wishes of those for whom you will be working."

Play the Game!

"In conclusion, boys, wherever you may be and whatever you do—do your duty and always 'play the game.'"

• • •

Salvationists in Canada will be interested to know that out of these 105 boys fifty have already professed conversion, twelve of whom were sworn in as Soldiers the night preceding their sailing; also that seventeen of the boys who have been sent by the Army to Australia have been through the Training Home there and are now Officers in our great Organization.

If any of these boys come your way, be not forgetful to entertain them. Even if they do not turn out to be "angelic unwarriors," you may help them over a difficult time of homesickness, and will have added your bit towards making them good fellow-countrymen of God's Fair Dominion.

Keeping the King's Birthday

The wood-heap in the Quarters yard had dwindled to very small proportions, and Brother C—, who observed this, wondered what could be done to increase it.

Wood abounded around his home, but that was six days' ride from the town. To transfer a heap of it to the Quarters yard would take more time than he had available.

Then a bright idea came to him. The King would have a birthday soon, and consequently Brother C— was to have a holiday. The very thing! The Officers would get that load of wood after all.

In the intervening week he used his spare time cutting the wood and loading it on the lorry. When the day of the King's Birthday dawned it found Brother C— mounted on a huge load of iron-bark wood, and borne towards by three strong horses.

It was with much gratitude that the Officers received the wood, but Brother C— considered that the greater pleasure had been his. He waited long enough for the horses to feed, then turned towards home. Though darkness had set in before the home lights appeared, a happy song was ringing in Brother C—'s generous heart.—Australian "Cry."



The party of boys outside Migration House before leaving for Canada. The Officers are Brigadier Pinchen (left) and Major Fred Taylor (right).

been the guests of Sir George MacLaren Brown, K.B.E., European Manager of the C.P.R. before entraining for Liverpool.

Many were the words of advice spoken to these young men just on the threshold of life.

Scotch Pioneers

Sir Robert Horne, who had left the House of Commons just for the purpose of speaking to the boys, told them he was glad that they were going with such good prospects. He noticed some boys wearing a piece of Scotch tartan as a badge, and spoke of two Scotch boys who had left their native land a century ago, and had pioneered the great Dominion of Canada, whose names are remembered and revered as Lord Strathcona, and Lord Mountstephen. He considered that Canada was richer in prospects today than it was even when those lads went out. He wanted them never to forget two things; one was this sweet Homeland to which they belonged, and the other was

the boys, but he did not tell me he was going to ask me to speak. But I suppose he chose me because he wanted one of the 2,000,000 too many women he has been speaking about to get up and show that we have some courage still left. It is enough to dishearten many women to be continually told that you are one of the two million too many, but my job is to encourage young women to go out to places where there will not be too many. We are getting a fair number; we should like to get many more, and now I have seen you hundred boys, I feel more and more resolved to get equally good or still better young women to go to Canada. For I already feel that some of you are worthy of the best of our young women. You shall have all the help I can give to get homes out there, and no home is complete unless there is a wife and mother. But we do not encourage our young women to think of getting a home of their own unless the man is right and clean in every way. I should think probably in time

A Tiny Girl's Faith

She was only a tiny girl, unused to travelling, and it happened that in the course of the day, her train was obliged to cross two branches of a river and several wide streams. The water, seen in advance, always awakened doubts and fears in the child. She did not understand how it could safely be crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared, and furnished a way over. Two or three times the experience was repeated, and, finally, the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence.

"Somebody has put bridges for us all the way!" she said in trusting content.

That is life. We fear so many evils, so many troubles look dark ahead, so many difficulties seem insurmountable as they loom before us; but as we advance we find that there is a way through them. God has built bridges for us all the way.

FROM OUR READERS: A Page of Contributed Articles

Spare Moments

A Message to Young People
By Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs.
Langford, Drumheller

"Go to the ant . . . consider her ways and be wise."—Proverbs 6:6.

IT is said that the gold rooms of the United States of America have double floors; the top one is made like a sieve, while the under one is made dust-tight, and catches all the gold dust that falls upon it from the hands of the workmen, and by this means about thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold is annually saved.

But not so precious are the gold siftings of the mint as the siftings of time that slip past us each year of our lives. "A million of money for a moment of time," cried one of England's queens, but even the Queen could not purchase it. What we all need is some sort of a contrivance to catch those precious moments and by Divine help, weave them into a crown that will adorn our brow when the vigor of youth is past.

Much to do with Success

Many, by making use of spare moments, have arisen to positions of trust and honor. A wise use of spare moments has much more to do with success in life than most people are wont to suppose. To do nothing is to do evil. It is after the day's work is over, after the shop is closed, and the young man goes out to spend the spare moments that the ruin of body and soul takes place. No young man or young woman will go far astray while at their daily work. Unless spare moments are seized and made a positive good they become the downgrade over which men and women slide to destruction. A minute, how soon it is flown, and yet how important it is. God calls every moment His own, and all our existence is His. Mark says of our Saviour, "He arose a great while before it was day." There are possibilities in all of our lives which could be realised to a greater extent were the spare moments put to a wise use.

There is an old Eastern legend of a powerful genii who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn, and without pausing, going backwards, or wandering about, select the largest and ripest ear. The value of the gift was to be in proportion to the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. She passed through the field, seeing a great many large and beautiful ears, but hoped to find a larger and more perfect one, so passed them all by, and so came to the other side without having selected any. The little fable is a good illustration. If we let the present moments slip from our grasp they soon pass beyond recall.

Gather up the Gold Dust

A poor German boy who had read of the "Siege of Troy" resolved that some day he would unearth her long-lost treasures. He gave every spare moment to study, and by that means learned several languages. He says, "I never went on an errand without my book, nor learning something by heart, or waiting at the post office without reading." He became a merchant and made quite a fortune. But later in life he started on his eastbound course. Finally he reached sight of the old city, and from the palace of the Trojan king he unearthed treasures of gold, bronze and stones that were buried beneath the sands for 3,000 years. He exhibited his treasures in the British Museum. Today scholars are under a debt of gratitude to Dr. Schleiman, the great explorer. May these thoughts stimulate our young people to make a wiser use of their spare moments than hitherto. Gather up the gold dust of a God-given life, so rich in eternal possibilities, and put them to a noble use, that your life may be happier by far than thousands whose time is all their own. Resolve that whatever your calling in life may be, that by the grace of God you will be fitted for it, and fill that corner to the glory of God.

The Care of the Body

"Know Ye Not That Your Body is the Temple of God?"

By ENVOY C. F. MEPHAM, Saskatoon

MEDICAL men are still speculating on those wonderful laws of human physical life, and the wonders of mind over matter are still only partially known to the greatest minds. The more physiology is studied the more pronounced is our faith in the creation of life, and the more we marvel at the wonders of this temple.

But how little most people know of these wonders or even give them a thought except to pander to the senses and thus desecrate and mar and even ruin the beauty of this temple!

This text applies just as emphatically to the saint as to the sinner. "Three score years and ten" is Scriptural, and although there is too much feasting yet there may be too much starving, that is, tea, toast and skim milk living, and too much of a disregard for the laws pertaining to health. God does not condone any

Conformity to God's laws brings harmony and peace, and surely our earthly tenement, which God calls His holy temple, must be kept according to His law.

Paul may have been destined by God, for His glory, to retain his physical infirmity—"the thorn in the flesh," but that old veteran, battle-scarred, beaten, shipwrecked and tempest-tossed, had the vitality to endure it all, which only a body kept in conformity to its will could have accomplished.

How wonderful are the laws that govern the functioning of the various organs of the body, of the work of the cells, of the circulation of its marvellous force-pump, the heart! A great deal of the medical men's work is to advise you to do or avoid doing something that has been hindering the proper functioning of the various parts of the system, which, if

A Wonderful Saviour

By Envoy T. H. Collier, Vancouver II
"His Name shall be called Wonderful"
—Isaiah 9:6

WITHOUT the shadow of a doubt this prophecy has been fulfilled in every sense of the word. Christ was:

Wonderful in Sacrifice. For when there was no help for a lost world He gave up Heaven and its glory and came to earth to suffer and die to reconcile us to His Father. Never was such sacrifice made for others.

He was wonderful in humility. Was He not born in a manger amongst the cattle, for there was "No room for them in the Inn," and this humility was manifested all through His life. He had "no place to lay His head." He was always found amongst the poor, helping the needy and not catering to the rich and worldly people of His time.

He was wonderful in His Love. To those who had no one to care for them, the outcasts from society. His love was practical and was manifest by His readiness at all times to render help and comfort when and where most needed. We read, also, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Surely this was practical love.

He was wonderful in suffering. He bore the nail prints, the pain from the piercing of the thorns and all the agony in connection with ignominious death as described by the different Gospel writers, refusing the vinegar and the gall, taking nothing to deaden or lessen the pain and finishing up with that wonderful prayer: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

He was wonderful in His resurrection. The Jews made the tomb secure as it was humanly possible, and set the Roman soldiers to watch; but they did not reckon with Divine power. "And there was a great Earthquake." The Angel rolled away the stone and He, whom they thought they had finished with, came forth a victor over death and the grave.

Truly we can sing:
Wonderful Saviour, Wonderful Friend,
Wonderful love that never can end,
Wonderful Home, He's gone to prepare.

Wonder of wonders, I shall be there.

and allowed to become an unclean thing.

Much of the "love of ease," inertia, constant ill-health, weakness spiritually and morally, and lack of backbone is due to a debilitated and poisoned body. I don't think an overcoming life can be attained with a neglected and flabby body. God will help and bless all earnest efforts to conform to His will and keep His temple holy.

One of the most neglected things pertaining to health is exercise. It is the cross which so many shirk, yet it should be a duty of service to God's temple to keep it clean, strong and efficient to overcome, endure and complete the full measure of our pilgrimage and service to God through the "Night of Time." It is necessary to enable us to fight the good fight.

Dieting and exercise are necessary and of paramount blessing to all, and it is a command of God to you, and if you evade this cross of taking care of the body, you are coming short of God's full favor, and you are not as efficient in saving others if you are not saving and increasing the vitality, health and strength of God's temple for His service in ministering to a sin-sick, suffering humanity. My cry to you, Comrade, for the sake of the success of your work is, "know ye not that your body is the temple of God . . . and ye are not your own."

Not Lost, But Gone Before

By CAPTAIN KENNY, Petersburg, Alaska

"We've lost our little baby," I heard a mother say,
"And life is just so weary, since our darling went away!"
I stopped in startled wonder to hear her speaking so.
Lost! where could she lose it? Where did the wee thing go?

It scarce could lift its tiny hand,
let alone walk or creep,
Did someone come and take it
whist its mother was asleep?
Is it now in danger? Think you
'twill have good care?

If the wee babe has been taken
can they not find out where?
Taken? Why yes, 'twas taken.
An angel shining white
Came lifting it up so gently—floated
back to the city of light.

In that land of "many mansions"
the Saviour saw and smiled,
As the angel entered, bearing in his arms a little child.

The golden streets of that city are
filled with children at play;
Down golden paths glad voices ring
thru' Heaven's happy day.

But there isn't any danger in all
that lovely place
Nor could a child be hurt or lost
before the Father's face.

There's never a moment's weakness,
never a baby's cry,
Just a constant growing in gladness
as the happy moments fly;
Then why do you weep, dear mother,
and why look so forlorn?
Your babe's not lost! It's safe at home
You'll meet it in the morn!

sin, not even the sin of neglecting to keep His holy temple sweet, clean and abounding in vitality.

Theology tells us that sin is "not seeking the truth,"—coming short, missing the mark—any continued error of conformity with God's divine law. There is plenty of teaching of physiology, hygiene and psychology these days, but a terrible indifference exists and crowds are expecting God to put and to keep them fit, without any effort on their part, and so the temple of God becomes anything but a credit to its Maker and to its occupant.

one follows, then the parts of the body begin to harmonize and work together for good.

It is really wonderful how much abuse the body will stand without being forced to invalidism or death. It is this wonderful fact that makes so many indifferent and keeps them struggling to do their work in a half efficient manner, having to resort to continual artificial cleansing aids which only aggravate and very often make permanently chronic the state that exists. It is not God's will that His temple should be desecrated, neglected

HAVE YOU TRIED YOUR HAND YET?

The Editor will be glad to receive:

Heart-gripping Testimonies and heart-searching spiritual articles.

Incidents of the Salvation War.

Seasonal Articles.

Sketches of Comrades who hold up the Flag under difficult circumstances, occupy unique positions, or who have had an interesting conversion.

Communicate with The Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder ————— William Booth
General ————— Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commissioner
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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GENERAL ORDER

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Staff and Field Officers are requested to observe that Harvest Festival celebrations should be held at every Corps throughout the Canada West Territory between Sept. 15th and Oct. 15th.

Young People's Rally Day

will be observed at all Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday, Sept. 18th.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

Important International Changes

New Travelling Commissioners Appointed

CHANGES of appointment affecting many departments of Army life have recently been decided upon by the General.

Commissioner Larsson has been appointed Territorial Commander for Finland in place of Lieut.-Commissioner Palmer, who is appointed an International Travelling Commissioner. Commissioner Larsson's last Territorial command was the South American Territory before its division, since when he has been engaged upon special work at I.H.Q. In taking up an appointment in Finland he will be returning to the Scandinavian peoples from whence he comes.

Commissioner Simpson, who is at present concluding a visit to Finland, has been appointed International Travelling Commissioner.

The Territories for which he was responsible as International Secretary in the Overseas Departments at I.H.Q. have been divided between Commissioner Mapp and Commissioner Blowers.

In order that these last-named Officers may cope with their increasing responsibilities, two new appointments have been made in the Overseas Departments. Lieut.-Colonel Gore, whose last appointment was Chief Secretary in Western India, has been appointed Under-Secretary for the Indian and Far East Territories, and Major Bremner, who has already served some years in the Department, has been made Under-Secretary assisting Commissioner Mapp in his responsibilities for Australia, Canada, North and South America, South East, and West Africa.

Colonel Rowe, who has given many years of faithful service to the Overseas Departments, has been appointed to the Secretary's Department at I.H.Q. with special responsibility concerning Army organization and discipline.

The retirement from active service of Colonel Harwell, of the Audit Department at National Headquarters, has resulted in the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Ward, Secretary of the Fire Insurance Corporation, to the vacated position. Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmith, of I.H.Q. Audit Department, has been ap-

The Founder's Memorial

Progress of New Training Garrison Gives Rise to Favorable Comments—Some Incidents Which Show Interest Taken in Furnishings' Scheme



THOUSANDS of eyes belonging to Winnipeg citizens daily watch the progress of the building of the new William Booth Memorial Training Garrison. Many are the favorable comments heard as to its splendid position and fine appearance and not a few conjectures are being made as to the time when it will open its doors to the eager crowd of young men and women who seek to emulate the work and spirit of the Army's Founder in serving humanity.

Outside, the building is well-nigh complete. The workmen have carried out the plans of the architect to the letter. Inside, the auditorium with its gothic windows, the rooms in which the Cadets will sleep, the libraries, kitchen, classrooms, etc., are all taking definite shape.

But what about the furnishings? Yes, the following incident helps us to hope that with the assistance of our many friends throughout the Territory—for the Training Garrison will represent the Territorial as a Founder's Memorial as perhaps no other Army building could do—the furnishings will be complete not long hence.

Ensign Collier walked one morning into the office of an Edmonton business man who was also an Army Soldier. A number of scattered papers lay on his desk and the Ensign at a glance saw one of these was an appeal sent out by the Commissioner on behalf of the Training Garrison furnishings.

Immediately the conversation turned toward this interesting subject during which the Ensign gave some helpful information concerning the Army's Training Work.

Result, the business man reached over for his cheque book and dashed off, with the aid of his fountain pen, a cheque for \$90 which would furnish a room.

Staff-Captain Clarke, who is responsible for organizing the appeal, informs us that not a few parents of Officers recently trained have opened their pocket books with generous results. Several cheques for generous amounts have been sent in.

There are, no doubt, many others according to their ability who would like to help this worthy cause. If so, the Commissioner would be glad to hear from such.

Address all communications to: Commissioner Chas. Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

pointed to the Fire Insurance Secretaryship.

Another appointment of considerable interest is that of Brigadier Astbury, Financial Secretary of the Men's Social Work, to be the Assistant Finance Secretary at I.H.Q. The Brigadier, whose father, Lieut.-Colonel E. Astbury, was for many years Chief Cashier at I.H.Q., comes to a new position created in view of the increasing complexity of Army finance.

An Officer who has not previously served in the British Territory has been appointed as Financial Secretary for the Men's Social Work in Great Britain. Lieut.-Colonel John F. Lewis is a New Zealander, and has served long and faithfully in that country and Australia. His last appointment was that of Chief Secretary for South Africa, to fill which position Colonel Wm. Bettridge has already arrived in South Africa from Canada East, where the Colonel was Training Garrison Principal.

European Appointments

Chief Secretaries Proceeding to Fresh Fields of Labor

The General has decided upon a number of important changes affecting the work of the Army in Europe. Lieut.-Colonel Westergaard, Divisional Commander for the Netherlands and Derby Division, England, has been appointed Chief Secretary for Holland, and Colonel Benwell proceeds, from the Chief Secretaryship in Denmark, to Paris, where he will serve as Chief Secretary for France.

Colonel Barrett, Chief Secretary for France, has been appointed as Chief Secretary in Switzerland, and Lieut.-Colonel Marburg, from Chicago, will take up the duties of Chief Secretary at Copenhagen, Denmark. Each of these Officers has seen long and varied service in the Army.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, Australia East Territory, recently conducted a midnight Meeting in the Congress Hall, Sydney, with the special object of helping "women of the unhappy sisterhood." Mrs. Sowton was supported by a number of women Officers.



One day last week Mrs. Commissioner Rich was delighted to receive a large box containing a beautiful bouquet of flowers, plucked by the aged inmates from the garden of the "Bonnie Doon" Evictate at Edmonton. Mrs. Rich greatly appreciated this thoughtful gift.

The Commissioner conducted a gathering of T.H.Q. Officers in the Board Room on Tuesday afternoon last when, over a cup of tea, Colonel Coombs was bidden farewell ere, with Mrs. Coombs, he takes his annual furlough and makes his headquarters in Vancouver. Tributes were paid by the Commissioner and representative Officers, including Lt.-Col. Sims and Ensign Garnett, to the sterling Salvationism displayed on all occasions by the Colonel and his wife to which the Colonel made brief reply. Mrs. Commissioner Rich read a portion of Scripture and Lt.-Col. Dickerson closed the gathering with prayer.

A crowd of Officers and friends, including the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, were at the C.P.R. Station on Wednesday last to bid farewell to Vancouver and Mrs. Coombs who left for Vancouver on the noon train. Our Comrades were the recipients of hearty good wishes for their journey.

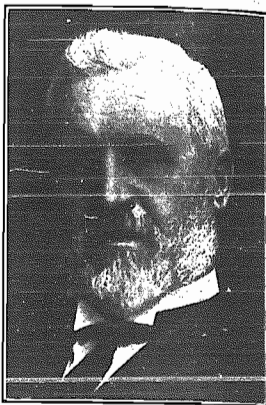
As is to be expected, Commandant W. Carroll, who is visiting the Old Country, with Mrs. Carroll, and their daughter Louie, is at the battle's front in spite of the fact that he is on holiday. He is visiting many of the Corps at which he was stationed during his field career, and at Greenock, Scotland, the Sunday night Meeting concluded with thirty-nine at the Mercy-Seat.

Lt.-Commissioner J. B. Turner, in charge of the South American (East) Territory, has hit upon a happy plan of aggressive Salvation campaigning. The Men's Social Department trucks have,

Mine-Boy to Premier

The Army Loses a Warm Friend in Hon. John Oliver, who Recently Passed Away at Victoria, B.C.—The Commissioner Sends Message of Sympathy

With the passing of the Hon. John Oliver, the veteran Premier of British Columbia, who died at his home in Victoria, B.C. on Wednesday, August 17, the Army loses a warm friend. The Premier was in his seventy-second year,



The late Hon. John Oliver.

and had been failing in health for several months. The following telegram was sent by the Commissioner, immediately upon receiving news of the Premier's death:

Acting-Premier MacLean,

Victoria, B.C.

"Deeply regret passing of Premier Oliver, and beg you will convey the prayerful sympathy of the Salvation Army to Mrs. Oliver and members of family; also please accept our condolences yourself and Government."

"John Oliver was a true friend of the Army, and stood for much good in public affairs: he will be missed by all who have at heart the high interests of the Province. A rugged, hearty, genial and honest character he will be long remembered by all who knew him."

Chas. T. Rich,
Commissioner.

A "man of the people," by birth and temperament, Premier Oliver was probably more proficient in the rugged arts of the pioneer than any other Canadian statesman. He had been farmer, miner, woodsman and engineer, and his pioneer experiences proved invaluable to his office, and with his splendid physique and brilliant intellect, helped him in his administration of his task. His career, from that of a humble mine-lad in England to the responsible position which he held before his death is an inspiration to young men and women throughout Canada.

His admiration for the Salvation Army, and its work, was well known and it received his hearty co-operation and sympathy. It was a matter of keen regret to the Premier, and of disappointment to all Salvationists, that he was unable to lay the foundation stone of the Vancouver Grace Hospital, last January, as he had been asked to do. He was prevented owing to the illness which finally culminated in his death.

It is with sincere feelings of sympathy that Salvationists throughout the Canada West Territory condole with Mrs. Oliver and the family.

until this summer been idle on Sundays. The Commissioner has tried with much success, a practical experiment with them. Each Sunday a different route is taken and each truck carries a band of Salvationists who "bombard" the villages with Salvation message testimony and song. In many places visited the people had never before seen the Army and much good is being accomplished.

The servant of God ought to have as high a standard of goodness as the world expects.

Colonel Thomas Coombs

COLONEL T. COOMBS, who relinquishes the position of Field Secretary, which he has held for the past eighteen months, has been appointed to the post of Territorial Spiritual Special, and will, beyond doubt, with Mrs. Coombs, be a great blessing to the Corps which he will visit. Few Officers have the mature spiritual experience and knowledge of conditions in the West as these Comrades undoubtedly possess and their services in this direction will be greatly valued.

The Colonel has a long record of service to his credit, having spent forty years of his life as an Army Officer. Canadian-

separation melody, "All my days and all my hours," is an instance. Others that occur to us are, "All your anxieties,"

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Some Particulars Concerning Staff-Officers Who Will Occupy
... New Positions in the Territory ...

Brigadier Bramwell Taylor

BRIGADIER BRAMWELL TAYLOR, who is shortly to occupy the position of Field Secretary for the Canada West Territory, has had an eventful career in the Salvation Army, and is an example of how a young man can conquer his circumstances, and rise to a place of responsibility and power; for during the past six years our Comrade has occupied a front-rank place among Army editors in that he has ably guided the destinies of the Canada West, and latterly, the Canada East publications.

Born of well-known Officer-parents, Major and Mrs. Job Taylor, the Brigadier was blessed with a very sacred childhood. As far as schooling was concerned, however, he was handicapped as those will appreciate who understand the difficulties of educating children whose parents have to move from place to place every few months to a new appointment.

Strong Parental Influence. Add also to this fact that the doctor forbade his early commencement at school. The Brigadier's conversion as a child was very definite, and much of his after-life's struggles and victories were due to his parents, whose influence was such that he could never get away from it. Strong convictions were then formed in his mind, which have been a founda-

tion for his strong faith in the simple Gospel ever since.

Bramwell Taylor's entrance into Salvation Army work was as providential as it seemed unlikely. It happened that during his last year at school he carried off the honors in a shorthand contest, and had compacted with his parents that, if successful, he should be permitted to "go to work." At the same time an advertisement appeared in the "War Cry" for a messenger. Bramwell applied, was accepted, and thus his first step was taken on the editorial ladder, for he was immediately afterwards placed in this Department. From then on he rose steadily, step by step, until he reached the top.

Before this, however, there occurred a break in the Brigadier's editorial progress, for there came his session in the International Training Garrison at Clapton, and then a useful Field Officer experience, which, coupled with the knowledge which undoubtedly came to him in those days when he shared his parent's trampings from Corps to Corps, will stand him in excellent stead in his new appointment. Our new Field Secretary is known amongst us as a man of special musical attainment, and this will surely be an additional interest to our younger Field Officers, if not to others. From an early age he was a member of the International Staff Band, and took part in several of their European tours. He has also wielded the Bandmaster's baton, and directed the affairs of a number of our most efficient Old Country Bands.

Valuable War Service

Of the Brigadier's experience during the Great War much might be said, but our space only permits us to refer to this briefly. At the outbreak of hostilities he was appointed with the pioneer Ambulance outfit and afterwards became leader of the Ambulance Section, which did valuable service amongst the sick and wounded soldiers.

An influence for good which entered into the Brigadier's life was his meeting and subsequent union with Captain Phyllis Higgins, who, as is well known, is the eldest daughter of the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins. Mrs. Brigadier Taylor put in some splendid work among the wounded soldiers in France, and is the possessor of two medals which commemorate a period of strenuous service. She is of immense assistance to her husband, in that, in all their ways, they "pull together."

She also is remembered in the Old Country for her useful and excellent work as a commanding Field Officer, amongst her first appointments being a Corps at which her mother had been stationed in the early stages of her own Field career.



Colonel and Mrs. Coombs.



born, the son of English settlers, he was literally called to soul-saving from the plough. Converted in the Army, when assisting his father (who only recently passed away at Bradford, Ont., at the ripe age of eighty-six) on the farm, the Colonel received the call to the work whilst Elihu of old, tilling the soil.

He has run a straight furrow ever since, and having put his hand to the plough has never looked back. Faithfulness, persistence and consistency are his strong attributes, and, aided by Divine Grace, he has kept steadily towards the mark of his high calling, and many throughout Canada bless his name, and remember with gratitude his labors on their behalf.

As a Corps and District Officer he did splendid service in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Twice he was appointed to Training Garrison work when the Temple Corps and Lippincott in Toronto were used for the training of Cadets.

Example of Red-hot Zeal

When stationed at Montreal he was married, and Mrs. Coombs has been a tower of strength to him throughout their united career. A woman of strong convictions and intense earnestness she has loyally and efficiently aided her husband in his platform work, visitation and duties connected with Corps and Divisional work, ever setting an example to Officers and Soldiers of red-hot zeal in the cause of the Master.

Colonel and Mrs. Coombs are well-known and beloved throughout the West. They stand for Salvation, pure and simple, and inspire confidence and devotion wherever they go.

Lt.-Colonel Edward Joy

THERE is no need to introduce Lt.-Colonel Joy, our new Editor, to readers of the "War Cry." During the three and a half years he has been in Canada West, he has become widely known amongst us. Not only by reason of his work as Immigration Secretary, but by his public gifts of speech and music and song.

Song Writer and Composer

Many, very many, of the songs and choruses which have enriched our Army singing in Canada have come from his musical mind—and it is a source of pleasure to us—as it must be to the Colonel, that these songs are taking their place in Army life the world over—that fine con-



Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy.

"Walk with me," and "He is mine," to quote only a few.

Wide Knowledge of Army Affairs

The Colonel comes to us not altogether new to Editorial life—indeed, he aspired to such a position in editing, years ago, a school magazine, which, he tells us most regretfully, broke down after only two issues! He has written much at various times for Army papers, and with his wide knowledge of Army affairs and personalities, and his well-known loyal affection for our International Leaders, his occupancy of his new position should be a splendid impetus to Army life and fighting in our West Territory.

Lt.-Colonel Joy came out of Folkestone, Eng., thirty-four years ago, and is thus contemporary with many Army Officers of note and position, who will heartily welcome him to his new post.

Mrs. Joy came into the service from Chelsea, Eng., and during her years of independent Officership, commanded many British Corps of interest and note, and was also engaged in Staff work.

She is a clear, incisive, practical platform speaker, and we trust that our people throughout the Territory will have many opportunities for hearing her, and thus developing an association which we trust, will long be a token amongst us.



Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor.



Poignant Memories

Some Further Impressions by THE GENERAL of His Campaigns in the Far East

LAST week we published some interesting impressions given by the General of his tour in the East, in a brochure published by the Army. The following article reveals further sidelights of our International Leader's remarkable experiences in the Orient.

From a number of statements made by the General regarding his personal impressions of the Campaign in the Far East the following brief extracts are taken:

"The esteem and kindness manifested by the people everywhere," he said, "have been most attractive. I am accustomed to receiving a warm welcome as I move about the world, but never have I experienced anything more delightfully an expression of absolute unity than my reception by the people of Japan. I know, of course, that it is a reflection of their feeling toward the Army, and it is very remarkable.

"It suggests to me that no matter what religion a man follows or professes to follow, there is something fundamental in the human spirit toward that which is spiritual and eternal, something that is very much alike in all races and among all peoples and religions, and even with those of no religion. This general recognition of what is absolutely vital and fundamental to us is significant of influence and progress in the future.

"These enthusiasms towards us have shown me again how certain it is that there will be a fruitage and harvest some day, as a result of the most simple and even insignificant efforts to make known the Army's message.

Wonderful National Enthusiasm

"My position, my name, my long association with the Army have, no doubt, added something to what has otherwise been done, but these things have not called forth the wonderful national enthusiasm I have witnessed. That has, in large measure, resulted from the steady, thoughtful, humble witnessing of little groups of Salvationists, going on week after week, year after year, holding up Christ before the nation, proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus, holding out hope to subjects of evil. These are the things from which the wonderful manifestations have really sprung.

"I talked to some of the great people of the nation," said the General, "including Premiers, Ministers, Judges, Members of both Houses, lawyers, writers, and so on, and they all, or nearly all, impressed me as being

ready to learn, anxious to hear, willing to receive light, even to the sacrifice of preconceived notions and strongly held opinions. They all love their people and have a noble ambition for them. With regard to the various religions, especially Buddhism and Confucianism, even those who thought most highly of these faiths acknowledged the need of something more, and some of the most highly placed and best educated declared their readiness to be led forward. The attitude of the multitudes is that of a man waiting outside a door at which he has knocked, wondering whether it will be opened, and resolved, if it is, to enter in.

Enormous Strides Made

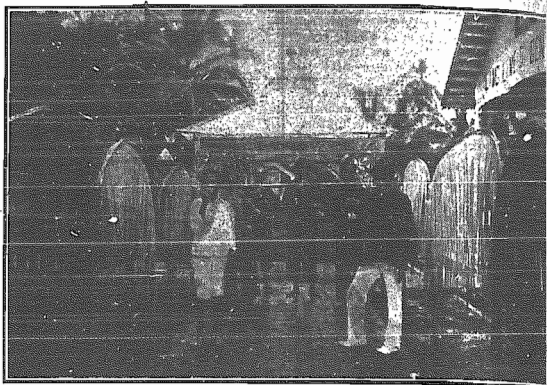
"Every child in the nation is now educated at the cost of the State, and enormous strides have been made in the last fourteen years as a consequence. If only we could show the fathers and mothers the Salvation of God for their children, Japan would quickly become a Christian nation, and that not in name, merely, but in life and spirit.

"Many of the Salvationists have delighted my soul. Their gladness, their struggles with souls, their evident understanding of the Truth, their zeal and fervor in prayer, have been beautiful indeed. I wish there were more of them. There will be!

"The Korean Campaign was one of the most striking and interesting of my life. In the first place, it was national in its impressions, and whether we regard it from the viewpoint of the governing classes or the village population, the Press, or the Army itself, we can truly say that we stirred things up, attracted attention to religion as we understand it, and made people think about higher things.

"The people are in a period of change. They are in the throes of a new birth or, perhaps I should say, suffering from the severe growing pains. Their whole situation has changed during the past twelve or fourteen years, since Korea was included in the Empire of Japan.

"They have not fully accepted the new ideas and new forms of Government. Some, of course, are more advanced than others. Some parts of the country are obviously benefiting by the new system more than others, but many of the people do not understand what is happening to them, and the agents of extreme parties have taken



A Javanese Leper Colony Band of Native Instruments.

advantage of this condition to introduce many questions and create difficulties. There is, therefore, a certain amount of disaffection among the people.

"Into this the Army has come and, in spite of such obstacles as that condition creates, has pushed its way not only into the few large towns and industrial centers, but in among the villages, in the remote up-country places, where there are no railways and scarcely any roads.

"War Cry" the Only Paper

"It has not only gathered together a force that constitutes a community, but wherever it has gone it has helped in many other ways. In twenty-five of the small places, for instance, where there are no schools as yet, we are carrying on the work of schools. In many villages the only newspaper circulated and bought by the people is the "War Cry." We have taught thousands of them our lovely songs.

"One of the most promising features of the work in Korea is the willingness of the men to allow the women an active part in Army activities. In some Eastern lands the backwardness of the women is made the more serious by the unwillingness of the men to allow even those who are fully trained to take their share of the warfare. I do not think this will be a serious difficulty in Korea. On the other hand, there is very great difficulty in the employment of any of the married women in Army work. Every woman who is married has her responsibilities to her home, and her husband, and often has to do work in the fields, and so there is not much opportunity for her employment.

Regarding the lepers in the Dutch East Indies, the General has said:

"I was most impressed by their extreme naturalness and their likeness in everything except their physical disability, to the ordinary man in the street. I had a sort of feeling that they would be found of different mentality, or more limited energetic capacity, but apart from their horrible physical miseries, one discovered them to be men and women with the same sense of human association, the same temptations—especially the temptations of the flesh—the same hunger for something more satisfying than bread, and the same sense of humanity which leads men to help one another.

An Unforgettable Scene

"I met some of them individually. I saw their wounds dressed, I heard their exclamations of misery and pain, I saw them in their dwellings, I saw them in the hospital, and I saw them in the Meetings—about three hundred in one gathering. What is more, I saw some of them at the Penitentiary Form, the Army's confessional, and it was one of the most moving moments in the whole of my life when I listened to a group of some forty kneeling at the Mercy-Seat, singing together the chorus, 'Oh, take me as I am!' I shall never forget the scene; there were some without hands, some without feet, who had been carried there by others; some with sightless eyes, poignantly pathetic, raising their hands, some with their stump-arms held up—'Oh, take me as I am!'

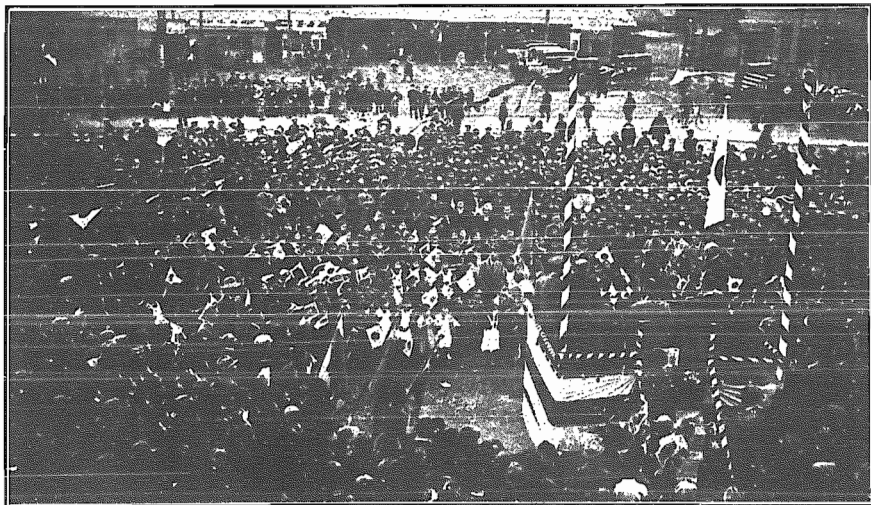
"Then, I was much impressed by the thoughtfulness, the gentleness, which was manifested, especially among those who have become Salvationists and who wear some uniform. They are so nice to one another. Several of them carried others, who could not walk, on their backs; or led others who were blind; some pushed in chairs those who were unable to stand, and throughout the whole Colony there was this evident pleasure in offering kindly service to one another.

"The Salvation Army is really doing things—doing things for God and Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent. In Japan I saw it. In Korea I saw it. In China I saw it. In Singapore I saw it. In Sumatra among the lepers I saw it. Yes, the Army is doing things. Glory be to God!

"And it should do more! The China ports are crying out for us.

"Why don't we open up? It's all a question of money.

"When I look around the world, as I have done during this Campaign, and see how millions sterling are spent upon enterprises which can have no lasting influence upon the moral or spiritual welfare of the multitudes, a kind of heart-ache comes upon me as I think of the poor weak efforts which are made to bring the people to God and to Jesus Christ, Whom He hath sent."



The remarkable reception given the General at Nagoya, Japan.

The Manitoba Chariot



JOYFUL weekend in every sense of the word from the moment that Lt. Colonel Joy stepped from the train at Rapid City and enquired when supper would be ready, until we bade him good-bye at Oak River on Monday morning. The Colonel's music, song, happy humor, and stirring messages were a revelation to all who had the privilege of hearing him.

A large crowd gathered at the corner of Main Street, Rapid City, among them being several juveniles who heartily assisted in the singing of the choruses of the year; a real, rousing Meeting brought decision and blessing to many. We add a word of thanks to the motorist who illuminated the Meeting by giving us the aid of his "spot-lights."

We started for Oak River later in the evening; the roads were none too smooth and again and again our Special escorted Sergt. Cartmill's ability to see ahead into darkness which might have puzzled many a cat of ability. We passed the hours and the miles by a singing practice, until—when we had lapsed into silence born of doubt of our guide—we saw ahead the lights of Oak River, and forgave him everything.

The Sunday morning in the Church at Lothair, well attended from the sparse district around, was enjoyable to all. The "Cheer-up" chorus went well, even on a Sunday morning, and the Colonel's message went still further in the same direction.

Back again at Oak River for the Sunday afternoon; the Charioteers being the guests of Rev. H. and Mrs. Dickson at the "Pastorage," as one of the Charioteers happily, although half-blunderingly put it. The First United Church was well filled. The testimonies and choruses and songs went with a vim, and again our Special helped all with his message.

Slipped and Swayed

The good old Chariot—we dare not tell you is given!—is sure the minister's auto slipped and swayed along the wet, muddy, slippery road from Oak River to Cardell, for a regular soaker had come on just after supper, but we all reached the latter point safely. Alas, the expected crowd had not gathered, the elements had been too severe, but the rain ceased just about Meeting-time, and one by one the townspeople, and some of the braver country motorists dropped in, until we had a goodly gathering.

Some good old singing put us in good spirits—the part singing of the Charioteers helped—the Special's music and new choruses and the heartsome testimonies, no less than the final address, and we felt that the Church had become indeed the House of God. After the service, the Charioteers were able to render greatly appreciated assistance to a party of the Charioteers into a restaurant, and banked quite near the place of meeting.

Rain, rain, rain; water everywhere—more than we cared to drink—greeted us on rising on Monday morning. However, Griswold was reached after a very trying journey, and the Town Hall was placed at our disposal for the evening gathering.

On Tuesday we took refuge in Brandon, but on the road again on Wednesday for an afternoon Meeting in Carberry, and then for Sidney in the evening. Here we were joined by two Bandmen Comrades who greatly helped us in word and deed, testimony and music. Thursday finds us in Cypress River, with one of the best Meetings of the week.

A Terrible Predicament.

Here too, three hours hard work with shovel, block and tackle, served to rescue a cow that had floundered into the creek and was in a terrible predicament. We left the poor animal more dead than alive—but alive and safe—and the farmer greatly grateful to the Salvation Army.

Holland on Friday afternoon and Treherne for the evening; a cool night but a large attendance and a helpful Meeting when we felt the spirit of God much with us.

Next week, look out for the report of Staff-Captain Steele's visit, when he will have with him, we trust, Adjutant Greenaway; on our best behavior then, of course.—"Spotlight No. 3."

The Cow in the Creek: and other interesting incidents in the itinerary of the Salvation Charioteers

The Alberta Chariot

THE Salvation Army Charioteers will conduct a bright Meeting on Main Street immediately, fine singing, good speaking, and pungent addresses. Everybody welcome." So rang the cry of two Charioteers as they stood on the rear of the Chariot as it travelled through the residential district at Strathmore. Yes, the people heeded the words, for by the time the Meeting started, a crowd of nearly two hundred had gathered. The children sang delightfully, and went through the actions of the choruses with great zeal.

At the close of the Meeting the Charioteers journeyed on to Rockyford, where a good Open-Air Meeting was held. Later good Meetings were also held at Rosedale and Rosedale.

At Wayne the people gathered about the Charioteers in fine style, and the children sang heartily. At this town, as well as at Rosedale, Adjutant Reader, and part of the Drumheller Citadel Band assisted.

The next stop was one to which we had long looked forward—at the thriving

Northern Saskatchewan Chariot

THE Northern Saskatchewan Chariot is still rolling along. Hallelujah! We left Sunny Valley Monday, all in good spirits. After a fifty-mile trip, we conducted a Meeting in Outlook and that night also found us going strong at McRorie. At this place the crowd was very friendly, and over a hundred people gathered around us.

Tuesday afternoon we had a good time at Elrose. The population is only three hundred, but in spite of the pouring rain we had a good crowd on a big hotel verandah. This town showed its appreciation by donating \$35 in the collection.

Over the Hill Top

We were told that we were only fifteen miles to the next town, Greenam. We had gone nearly that far, but we couldn't see the town, when all of a sudden we saw, just over a hill, an elevator, five houses, one store and a school. At 8 p.m. we started the Meeting, with a dozen people around. Before we finished the

Southern Saskatchewan Chariot

ANOTHER Convert has been added to our list, since last we wrote. She, with a companion, was among the audience which gathered to listen to our Open-Air at Broadview. On being spoken to, after the Meeting, both young women asked many questions concerning spiritual things. The whole Meeting had centred around the forsaking of worldly companions and amusements, and this had evidently gone home to their hearts. They realized they would have to give up the companions who were dragging them down, but the lure of the dance was very strong. They promised to see the Captain next morning, and then went to their homes to ponder and pray over the matter.

The following morning, the two girls were met, and one of them in her own room, kneeling between her mother and the Captain gave her life unreservedly to God. The other girl on being interviewed decided the price was too great and so, like the "Young Ruler" of old, went away sorrowful.

In several towns we have received much blessing through visitation. In this way we have met many who at one time were Salvationists, and it has been a real joy to talk and pray with them. In one home visited, we found a mother who had been confined to her bed for a period of 39 years, and one of her daughters was so badly crippled that it was very difficult for her to get out at all. A very pleasant and profitable hour was spent with them, and just before leaving, in compliance with the mother's request, we sang, "Just as I am, without one plea," then committing them to God's care, we bade them goodbye.

Until the Last "Amen"

A splendid crowd turned out to the Open-Air in Gravel at night, and many joined heartily in the singing. Closing at 9.20 p.m. we drove on to Wolseley, arriving there at 10.45 p.m. The platform was erected and in less time than it takes to write, "All have need of God's Salvation," was being lustily sung by the Charioteers and in a very few moments the street was blocked with people. It was very close on the night of our hour when we finished up, but with very few exceptions, the crowd stood until the last "Amen."

The next morning being Sunday, the Army was well represented at church, where we announced our evening Open-Air. In the afternoon, armed with drum, guitar, cornet and tambourines, we visited the "Wolseley Home for Incubables," where a large number of the patients enjoyed a bright, happy Army Meeting. Every ward was visited, and a few words spoken to those who were unable to attend the Meeting. Our visit was much appreciated not only by the patients, but also by the staff of the Home.

Following the evening church service, good crowds turned out to the Open-Air, and one young man confessed to a brother standing near him, that he had understood the plan of Salvation that night as never before. Unfortunately he had to return to his work before the end of the Meeting, and so we did not have the privilege of speaking with him, but we are praying that God's Holy Spirit will continue to strive with him.

On Monday we drove into Indian Head, where we were joined by Captain and Mrs. Leighton who accompanied us to Qu'Appelle, where we held an Open-Air. Although the crowd was small, the spirit in the Meeting was good, and we believe the people were blessed.—Overcomer.

Christ will not dwell in the parlor of your heart while you allow the devil to walk up and down the corridors of your thoughts.

Hope for Backsliders

A Few Promises From God's Word

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. Ps. 37:23, 24.

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold. Ps. 68:13.

If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin. 2 Chron. 7:14.

I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely. Hos. 14:4.

coal-mining city of Drumheller. It was with interest that the Corps Officers, Charioteers and some Soldiers were shown through one of the mines. Hundreds of feet under the earth, where no moon-beams could be seen, the party, drooping like flowers after rain, walked, not seldom bumping their heads.

In the afternoon the Home League welcomed the Charioteers in their Meeting, giving them a light lunch which was much enjoyed. At night, following a large Open-Air Meeting, a Meeting was conducted inside. The music was supplied by the Corps Band.

At Delia, following a lively Open-Air gathering, where nearly three hundred were present, the town Constable ran the Charioteers into a restaurant, and treated them to a lunch which was greatly appreciated.

The Sunday was spent at Hanna, where no less than two hundred people were present at the evening Meeting. On their journeyings the Charioteers have met a number of Salvationists, who have been cheered by this sight of their comrades.—"We four."

opening song, over a hundred had gathered. Three souls was the result of that Meeting, praise God! One man and two women came out boldly and took their stand for Christ, afterwards testifying to the saving power of Jesus. At the close they stood with the Charioteers, and sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." We hope that the people here will never forget that sight. On our way to our next stop we spent the night with a Drumheller Soldier, Brother Arundel.

Between Greenam and Kerrobert we conducted real Salvation Army Meetings in Glidden, Eatonia, Laporte, Alsask, Kindersley, Fisk, Rosetown, Druid, Plenty and Dodsland.

Sunday was spent in Kerrobert, and at this place we were heartily welcomed by Captain Alice Weeks, who did her very best to make our visit a profitable and happy one. It rained in the morning, and the crowd was small. After dinner we went to the Hospital, and spent some time cheering the sick folk there. At night we were greeted with a full Hall on our return from the Open-Air Meeting, and we had a splendid Meeting, for which we praise God!

A Thought for the Week

OUR LIVES are songs: God writes the words,

And we set them to music at pleasure

And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,

As we choose to fashion the measure.

THE LIGHTS O' WINNIPEG

Or A Young Country Girl's Adventures in a Large City

By S. A. KIRKSPEN

CHAPTER XV ROSIE GOES HOME

ROSIE regularly corresponded with her mother now, but she did not think it necessary to mention the disgrace she had been in, thinking that it would only cause unnecessary worry at home and perhaps lead to a lot of exaggerated stories if by any chance the news leaked out.

She simply said, therefore, that she had changed her employment and was much happier because she had decided to really serve God. A reference in one letter to a Salvation Army Meeting she had attended seemed to arouse the ire of her mother.

"Whatever are you thinking about Rosie," she wrote, "going to such a place as the Salvation Army. I've always heard that they are very low people and I don't want you to mix with them at all."

"Poor mother, she has never met with any Salvationists," mused Rosie, "she doesn't understand at all what a grand work the Army is doing. Perhaps if I went home I could explain things to them and they would get a more correct viewpoint."

She decided, therefore to pay a visit home that summer. Her debts were now all paid and she had saved a little out of her wages, so she felt free to carry out her plan.

When she broached the subject of going home to the lady for whom she worked there was a frown of perplexity on that lady's brow however.

Proved a Good Worker

"Whatever will I do without you Rosie," she exclaimed, "you have become so useful that I don't like to let you go, even for a few weeks. I must confess I was a bit doubtful about taking you from the Home at first (Rosie flushed) but you have proved such a good worker and you are so splendid at managing the children and you are not at all frivolous like so many of the girls nowadays, that I am very glad you ever came to me. I suppose it is only natural, however, that you want to see your folks, so perhaps I can make some other arrangements till you come back. Yes, you can go Rosie, but don't stay away too long."

A week later Rosie was on the train bound for the old homestead. What mingled feelings filled her heart as she drew near the old familiar places. At last the train drew up at the station from whence she had made her runaway flight three years before. Her heart beat more rapidly as she saw her father on the platform.

"Jumping out of the coach she eagerly ran up to him and threw herself in his arms."

"Oh daddy, I'm so pleased to see you again," she cried. "I— And then she burst into a flood of tears and could say no more."

"Don't cry Lassie, don't cry," said the old man as soothingly as he could, as he patted his daughter's hair. "I'm main glad to see 'e back home and I've got no hard feelin's agin 'e now, though I'm kinder put out at the way 'e left."

"Forgive me daddy," sobbed Rosie. "I was foolish to act like that. I—I— wish I hadn't done it now."

"Well, well, never mind," said the old man, "climb into the buggy my gal and old Dolly will soon take us home."

Many curious eyes were watching the pair and farmer McPherson disliked to have any sort of a scene in public. So he hustled off to fetch Rosie's grip.

Rosie went up to old Dolly, the horse, and affectionately patted her face. "Are you glad too that I've come back Dolly?" she asked. "Why, I really do believe you recognize me, you dear old

thing. Won't we have some jolly drives together now, eh! Do you know Dolly that I haven't ridden in a buggy for three whole years and I'm just crazy to drive a horse again."

Whereupon Dolly moved her ears in a very wise manner and thrust her muzzle against the girl's face as if to say "welcome home."

"Let me drive daddy," said Rosie as her father appeared with her grip, "you don't know how I'm longing to feel the reins in my hands once more."

"Got kinder tired of riding in ortermobiles, eh lass?" said her father, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, don't mention autos to me," said Rosie. "What Elsie used to write about her swell auto parties was all lies."

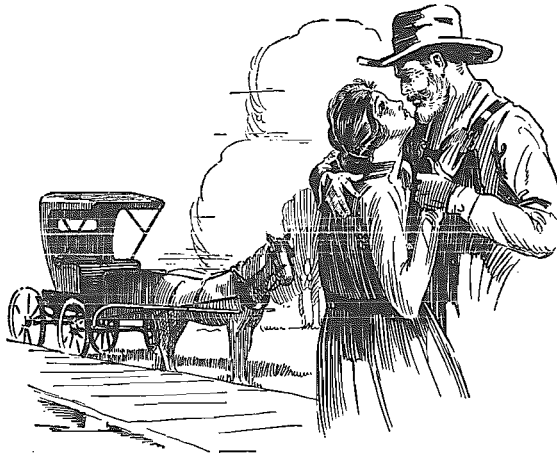
"Is that so? Well I kinder suspected

like, Rosie," said her father. "When Annie goes to her own home your mother will need the help you can give her. I'll treat you generous in the way of spending money, for we're getting on real well, now, and you can take a trip to the city every now and then if you want to. So make yourself content girl, for you're real welcome home."

"Dear old daddy," said Rosie, giving her father a hug, "you're much better to me than I deserve."

"Well, well, I'd be a queer sort of father if I didn't stand by my children when they're needing me, wouldn't I?" And Rosie, looking up, noted a tear trickling down her father's bronzed cheek.

"I'll stay home and I'll work real hard daddy," she said, "and won't cause you any more anxiety."



"Dear old daddy!" said Rosie, giving her father a hug.

it all along. 'Taint always the folks who do the most bragging have the best time of it. If you'd stayed here now, you'd prob'ly hev got all the auto rides you wanted. You heard, mebbe, that George's father died last year. He's come in for the farm now and only just this spring he bought a fine car. Guess he'll be over to home with it tonight."

"Oh," exclaimed Rosie, "does he know I'm coming?"

"Prob'ly he does. Annie's told him afore now, I guess. Don't flatter yourself he's coming to see you though, young gal. After you turned him down and went away, he sorter took a shine to yer sister and they've bin a courting ever since. Guess they're thinking of gettin' married this Fall. 'You missed a fine chance of gettin' a good husband there my gal, but I reckon you're sister's lucky. I suppose, however, you're engaged to one of them slick city guys by now, eh?"

"I'm glad I'm not," said Rosie, with a forced laugh, "the sort I met didn't come up to the expectations I'd formed of them from the accounts I'd received, so I'm still heart whole and fancy free."

"Humph!" grunted her father, "so city life's not what you expected, eh Rosie?"

"I found the reality very different to the dream," said Rosie. "I guess I was dazzled by the lights of Winnipeg, as a kind friend I met told me. But oh, how glad I am to be back in the beautiful green, restful country again. I feel I never want to leave it any more."

"Well you can stay home as long as you

would fail one in the hour of need, her sisters were true blue—yes that was what her father had called her. Well, she would prove herself so now.

The afternoon Rosie spent in going around to the old familiar spots. She patted the horses and called each one by name, called to the cows and took great delight in counting all the pigs. Then she inspected the feathered tribe—the turkeys, geese and hens, made friends with the new kittens and raced around the haystack with old Rover, the farm dog. Oh, it was good to be home again.

That evening George came over in his new car. He greeted Rosie very politely but somewhat coldly, merely remarking that he was glad to see her again after her long absence. Then he took Annie off for a ride in the car.

As Rosie had never really cared for him she did not feel the least twinge of jealousy, but was rather glad that her sister had captured his heart.

As she sat on the verandah alone with her mother, the others being all variously engaged elsewhere, the latter suddenly fired a question at her.

A Sudden Question

"Rosie, what's that brooch you're wearing?"

"That's a Salvation Army brooch, mother," she answered.

"Land sakes, you don't mean to tell me you belong to them people. Why Rosie McPherson, whatever foolish thing will you get up to next?"

"It's the best thing I ever did in my life mother," said Rosie. And then she told her mother the whole story of how she had got into disgrace and how the Army had stood by her and how she had given her heart to God as a result.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. McPherson, "just to think of me running down the Army when they were so good to my own girl."

"You have judged the Army from the stories about it you have heard from people who do not know what it really is, mother," said Rosie.

"I think it is the grandest thing in the world now and my only wish is to be able to live up to the high standard it sets for its Soldiers. When we visit Winnipeg you must come to an Army Meeting with me, mother. I'm sure you will like it."

And thus Rosie won over her mother to be a friend of the Army, and eventually her father and sisters. As they watched her life amongst them they could not help but enquire as to its source and so she influenced them all for good.

Rosie remained at home helping her mother and manifested such a bright and contented spirit that all wondered at the change. Ere many months had passed the son of a neighboring farmer came courting her, and falling genuinely in love this time, Rosie promised him her hand in marriage.

One evening as they were walking together her fiance drew her attention to a light in the northern sky.

"Look, Rosie," he said, "there are the lights o' Winnipeg. How clearly you can see their reflection in the sky tonight. It is almost dazzling."

"They dazzled me once Arthur," replied Rosie, thinking of her experiences in the city, "but I found out in time that I was like a little moth fluttering around a flame. I was very glad to get back to my own home nest I can assure you."

"And before long dear, we will have our own little nest, 'e we," said Arthur.

"Yes, dear, and it will be illumined by the true Light—the Light of the World," said Rosie.

Here we will leave Rosie for the present. She travelled a rough road for a short time, but it taught her a lesson, and at the end of it she found the most priceless of all treasures—Salvation. Guided now by the Spirit of God she is not likely to make further mistakes as to what makes life worth living.

Elsie—Oh! yes; she got married, but she is very miserable, because her husband's salary is not large enough to enable her to enjoy all the pleasures she craves for. She is still a poor, selfish little creature, living a butterfly life, constantly longing for new finery and new sensations.

The other characters of our story have disappeared from our ken—we know not what has become of them. But the best we can wish them all is that they, too, shall find the Pearl of greatest price.

(The End)

We are looking



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

454—Tufts, Ole, Norwegian. Age 43; height medium; dark hair; single; no children. Sidel, Bæstved, Norway. Occupation all-round man. Last heard from Neoska, Sask., Canada, about two years ago. Sister enquiring, very anxious for news.

1134—Dahlberg, Carl Allan (or Dahlbert). Swedish. Age 46; dark complexion; blue eyes. Birthplace Solleftea, Sweden. Address in October 1919 was Great Waterbury, Washington, Estevan. Last heard from 1919; address given Craven, Sask. Mother very anxious. 1159—Wills, Mr., may go under name of Richard. Last heard from in 1914; address given McGill, Mother in Truro, England enquires; most anxious.

1281A—Hunt, Wm. John. Missing since April 1923. At one time on the Port of London authority for 10 years. May be known to J. W. Ferguson, Simcoe St., Toronto. Wife in England enquires. See photo.

1348—Poulson, Paul Johanne. Born in Copenhagen, December, 1897. Left Denmark for U. S. A. in 1916. Went to Canada in 1920 where he got work with a farmer in Standard, Alta. Last heard from two years ago, he was at that time in England enquires. See photo.

working as manager of a farm owned by a widow. Missing is medium height; blue eyes and in 1916 was single. Parents and sister very anxious.

1554—Fletcher, William. Irish. Age 45 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Farm hand. Last known address was Naicam, Sask., Canada; he then spoke of going to Manitoba. Was thought to have joined an Orange Lodge in Alberta. Sister in New York very anxious. See photo.

1594—Sims, Donald. Age 21. Height 5 ft. 9 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; farm hand. Native of Dorset. Last heard from some years ago; address given Railway Ave., Drumheller, Alta. Also referred to as Manager, c/o Co-op. Farm, Hughton, Regina, Sask. Uncle in England enquires.

1641—Mariampole, Margaret. Not heard from for six months. At that time he was working at a camp at Mobella Ontario. Brother, Lithuania Mariampole enquires.

1643—Thompson, George S. Age 23; height 5 ft. 8 in.; blue eyes. Last heard from 18 months ago; his address was General Delivery, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., where he was working for the Civil Light Department or wherever attends to the street and house lighting. Mother enquires.

1644—Pedersen, Gunnar Berthens. Age 47; medium height; fair hair; blue eyes. Norwegian. Went to Canada April 22, 1927 with S.S. Frederick VIII; landed at Halifax. Believed to have gone out West and presumed to be in Vancouver. Friends wish to get in touch with him.

1647—Osborn, Joseph. Age 48 years; height 6 ft.; fair curly hair; native of Londonderry, Ireland. In 1908 he was granted a 160-acre allotment in Alberta, Canada. Last heard from then c/o Roman Post Office. Friends enquire.

1649—Irvine, Charles. English. Age 21; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 150; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Single. Farm laborer. Missing for nine months. Last known address was Manitou, Manitoba, c/o Mr. Glenfield. Step-mother enquires.

1650—Smith, Baden George. Last heard from May 1926 address given was Smith's Hospital, Saskatchewan, Canada. His friends anxious to locate. See photo.

1661—Pederson, Peder. Age thirty; height 6 ft. in.; weight 160; fair complexion; blue eyes; light hair, first joint of little finger gone. Last heard from in 1925 from Borden, Sask. Information sought.

1662—Hill, James Leonard. Age 42; height 5 ft. 4 in.; dark hair; pale complexion; laborer. Native of Cheshire, England. Last known address was c/o P.O. Vancouver, Anxous, B.C. Mother has not heard from son for four years. Very anxious.

The Commissioner

WILL CONDUCT

THE WELCOME MEETING

OF

Lt.-Col. E. Joy

THE NEW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

AND

Brigadier Taylor
THE NEW FIELD SECRETARY

IN THE

WINNIPEG CITADEL
Monday, August 29th, at 8 p.m.

Guards at Camp

Life-Saving Units at Sandy Hook have Good Time in Spite of Contrary Weather—Territorial Y.P. Secretary Presents Guard Verna Walker with the General's Tassel

The Winnipeg Life-Saving Guards and Sunbeams have been having a splendid time at Camp under the direction of Ensign M. Houghton, the Divisional Guard Organizer. There were, unfortunately, many wet days, but Lt.-Colonel Sims, Territorial Y.P. Secretary, and Ensign Loughton, who were vacationing at the Officers' Camp, superintended indoor games, and much enjoyment was the result.

During one day the Guards played friendly games with the Jewish Camp, and later this visit was returned by the members of the B'Nai B'rith Camp, and a good baseball game was the result.

Saturday was to have been Sports Day, but the weather-man unfortunately interfered again, and sports were out of the question. Lt.-Colonel Sims, however, presented Home-Nursing Certificates to a number of Leaders who attended Classes during the winter months. Another event of interest was the presentation to Guard Verna Walker, Winnipeg Citadel, of the General's Tassel. Guard Walker has the enviable distinction of being the first Guard in Canada West to gain this distinction.

The Territorial Y.P. Secretary conducted a Meeting on Sunday morning, in which Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele and other Officers took part, and in the afternoon Ensign Loughton held a special Bible contest with the Guards.

Ensign Houghton is working hard to make the Camp a success, and is ably assisted by Guard Leaders Allen, Mundy, Manson and others.

Birthday Celebration

A rather unique and interesting celebration was held at the Winnipeg Citadel on Friday, August 19, when Major Hector Habkirk and a large family circle combined with those who attended the regular Friday Holiness Meeting in making glad and giving thanks to God.

The occasion, as our heading indicates, was the Major's Thirty-third Spiritual Birthday, and in no more fitting way could he celebrate the event than in having his family and near relations rejoice with him in the very building, and at the very spot where he was "born again."

The Major, Mrs. Major Habkirk, "Mother" Habkirk, and Mrs. Major John Habkirk of Chicago, who is visiting in the City, gave very interesting excerpts from their books of experience, and a very choice, blessed and profitable evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.—J.R.W.

Red Deer

Captain E. Yarelett and Lieut. Redshaw, Sunday, August 14, the Meetings took the form of a farewell to Brother and Sister Weaver and Corps Home. Captain Thelma Weaver, who will be greatly missed. They have gone to work at the Gleichen Eventide was well-known amongst us.

In a recent Thursday night Meeting our Corps Cadets each spoke on a different topic. C.C. Guardian Mrs. Rabey of Calgary III, who has been assisting while our Officers have been on furlough, finished the Meeting with an earnest appeal, and we rejoiced over one soul at the Cross.

The following week the Thursday night Meeting took the form of a flower object lesson, which was very instructive and helpful both to the saved and unsaved. C.C. Edith Leach, and Captain Yarelett both soloed, after which Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Rabey spoke on the different kinds of flowers. We are glad to report an increased attendance at both Open-Air and Inside Meetings on Thursday nights.

North Battleford

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. Jesus still lives. Hallelujah! On Thursday night we had with us Captain Wright and the Charlottes, and

Announcements

Promoted to Glory

Brother John Bedding, Vancouver III. A faithful follower of the Lord was called to his eternal reward recently. Brother John Bedding has gone, but the memory of his good deeds and Christ-like manner will remain with the Command of Vancouver III for many years to come. The departed Comrade was a member of the Poplar Band in England for many years after his conversion at the age of 20. Coming to Canada he made his home at London, Ont., for many months, and then coming to Vancouver he was a Soldier at the No. 11 Corps, later transferring to No. III when the Hall was opened. Brother Bedding played the Earthen Horn in the Band until a short time before his death when ill-health compelled him to cease, and was for some time Band Secretary. The funeral service was conducted by Ensign McEachern.

At the memorial service a number of Soldiers gave their impressions of our promoted Comrade's character, and many told how his words and actions had helped and encouraged them to carry on the fight. Band-Sergeant Flavour sang one of Brother Bedding's favorite songs, "Above the waves of earthly strife."

The Ensign spoke on "The Kingdom of God," telling of that time when the faithful will meet their Lord face to face and enjoy their reward of eternal bliss.

May the bereaved relatives be strengthened and comforted during their sorrow over the loss of a beloved one.—S.C.M.

Sister E. Dick and Sister M. Samson, Hazelton, B.C.

The Death Angel has visited Hazelton twice during the last month. Sister E. Dick went to her reward in June, the funeral being conducted at Glen Voss by Captain Boyes, a large crowd attending the service.

On July 30, Captain Yarelett conducted the funeral of Sister M. Samson at Hazelton, when a large number of natives joined the Salvation Army Hall, there to pay their last respects to the Comrade which they had loved. May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones.—Interested.

Recently the Trombone Section of the Drury, Eng., Corps threw out a challenge to any Trombone Section in the British Territory for "War Cry" booming.

Also Brigadier Gostling. Floods of blessing have been upon us, and much good work done. Large crowds gathered to hear the values in the Open-Air and we cast our bread upon the waters in faith. Interest was aroused when the Commission started for the Hall, headed by the Chariot. At the inside Meeting the Charlottes sang and played and testified, and impressed everyone with their earnestness. The Brethren then gave a short address. At the close of the Meeting one sister volunteered to the Mercy-Seat, where peace came to her soul.—J. Smith.

A Good Investment

If you have money to invest—from \$100 upwards—you may deposit same with the Salvation Army and know that in addition to earning a liberal interest, it is helping forward the work of God. The Army is continually in need of money for the erection of buildings to meet the increasing demand of its work throughout the Territory, to make up the difference between the actual cost and the amount raised by public subscriptions.

This fund is administered with the greatest care and economy—the Army property being a substantial security. All enquiries and transactions are treated confidentially, and prompt payment of principal and interest assured.

Loans may be withdrawn at any time in accordance with the terms of the arrangement made with the depositor. Officers, Soldiers and friends can assist the Army's work by investments of the character above described.

Full particulars regarding terms, rates of interest and conditions of withdrawal will be furnished on application to the Financial Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. (Mark your letter "Personal.")